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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the Christian Keepsake for 1840.)

THE REV. JOHN HOLT RICE, D. D.

BY THE REV. J. K. CONVERSE, BURLINGTON.

'So let us view him here in what he was,
And take his image in this watery glass,—
Yet, look on every lineament to see,—
Some will be cast in shades—and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis he;
For when such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky way all over bright,
And soon so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguished light.'

The eminent individual whose name stands at the head of this article, filled a large place in the public eye, especially in our Southern country; and his memory will long be cherished in the choicest place of the heart by all who knew him. He was under God, the 'maker of his own stature.' No one can survey the life of such a man, and trace out the principles which formed the basis of his character without benefit. There is something ennobling in beholding the progress of such a mind from its first developement to its full maturity,—to see it bursting the bands of ignorance, resisting the force of untoward circumstances, patiently hewing its own way to greatness, and then, forgetful of self, expending all its noble energies for the good man.

I have heard the subject of this sketch ascribe much of what he ultimately became, to the blessing of God and the awakening influence of the following incidents of his childhood, which I have heard from his own lips, when living, and which I find very happily recorded by his biographer.

When about three years old he was attacked with dangerous illness. At one time he was thought to be actually dying. All hope was gone. 'Accordingly he was taken up out of his cradle, and laid upon the bed that he might expire with more ease, while his anxious parents and his pious uncle, the Rev. John White Holt, of the Church of England, stood around his bed, commending him to God and expecting every moment to see him draw his last breath. Contrary to all expectation, he revived, and soon began to recover in a manner so truly surprising, that the pious minister warmly declared himself satisfied that Divine Providence must have some great work for the child to perform; and earnestly charged his mother to begin at once to train him for it, promising that he would assist her in educating him for the task.'

This scene made an indellible impression on the heart of both mother and child. The mother had, as it were, twice received him from the Lord. She prayed for, and instructed him as one that was not her own. 'This child,' she would say to herself, 'is the Lord's.' With the child, also, the scene just sketched was the earliest incident recollected. It was doubtless kept alive in his memory by maternal care. From that early period, through life it was associated in his mind with all that is endearing both in the providential care of God, and in the affectionate teachings of a mother. It stood connected, it is supposed, with his conversion in childhood, and produced a happy influence on his moral feelings through life.

Some years after, an incident occurred, which, in like manner, had a strong influence in developing and giving direction to his intellectual powers.

'Court day,' in the 'Old Dominion,' is a general holiday. Schools are dismissed, labor is suspended, and the people, old and young, flock together to see and greet each other, and 'get the news.' On the morning of one of these holidays about the year 1790, while the people of Bedford county were assembling at the court-house, there came along over the stiles into the court-yard, a father, with a pale and emaciated boy walking by his side. Meeting with the celebrated Patrick Henry, after exchanging the usual salutations, the father says, 'Here, Mr Henry, is my little son, who, I hope, will make something by-and-by.' The orator took the lad affectionately by the hand, and said to him, in his own frank and hearty good way,—'Be of good courage, and be sure, my son, to remember that the best men always make themselves.'—This sentence was like a talisman. Falling from the lips of such a man, whom (though a distant relative,) he had probably never seen before, and whom he had been taught to regard with uncommon reverence, it operated like a charm upon the feelings of our youth. Though he hadalready exhibited the elements of a strong mind, yet he had been sickly, and was, besides, naturally indolent, slow and reserved. This memento roused his resolution, and seems to have been the means of waking up in him intellectual powers which otherwise might have lain dormant forever.

These two incidents had much, very much to do in moulding the intellectual and moral character of the future man.

The subject of our sketch was born in Bedford county, Virginia, November 28th, 1777. His parents were pious and intelligent, but poor. His father was deputy clerk of the court of his county. The son manifested a very early fondness for books; and though he had the appearance of being weakly, and through some constitutional defect, was, at that time, of an indolent turn, he learned to read very young. From earliest childhood he was thoughtful, and warmly interested in religious things. He committed to memory large portions of the Bible, of Watt's Psalms and Hymns and of the Book of Common Prayer; and when five years of age, he used to collect the children, black and white, about his father's house, and mounting a block or chair in the midst of them, would recite those portions to them in the solemn form of preaching.

At the age of twelve years, he lost his excellent mother. His father, by a series of misfortunes, had become a poor man, and as he kept no servants, all the work of the family, together with that of cultivating the few surrounding acres, fell upon the children.

Another calamity now befel him. His father in a year or two, saw fit to marry again. Being poor and unduly attracted, (as some very gravely suspected,) by the lure of property, 'he took for his wife a Mrs Henry, widow of Mr John Henry, the brother of Patrick—a woman of proud spirit and bad temper. She soon found that the balance of power was in her favor, and accordingly she made use of it by ruling with a rod of iron. Though she possessed beauty, and some good and redeeming qualities, it must be admitted that she treated the children of her new husband with great rigor, and especially our feeble and kind-hearted youth, who had the misfortune to be a favorite with every body else. She seemed to take delight in thwarting his plans. Knowing well his passion for books and reading, she would refuse him a candle for gratifying that passion after the toils of the day were done.

But neither domestic poverty, nor the necessity of labor, nor the rigors of this new government, could crush the noble spirit of our youth, or repress its cravings for knowledge—the proper aliment of mind. Accordingly, while following the plough, or otherwise laboring in the field through the day, he would gather his bundle of light-wood, and after his evening's task of picking cotton was done, he would kindle his lightwood with flint and steel in his bed-room fire place, and getting down upon his knees, would read his Virgil and Horace by the blaze. His Latin grammar he had previously committed, partly in the same way, and partly while ploughing in the field, during the resting intervals of his team. Thus he forced his way through many and peculiar discouragements, living and growing chiefly in the light of his own kindling, till about the age of sixteen or seventeen, when by the assistance of some friends who knew his worth, he became a student at Liberty Hall Academy, now Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia. He continued in this and other public schools for several years. He was then appointed tutor in Hampden Sydney College, whither he repaired on foot, though a distance of about seventy miles. He employed himself in teaching in this institution, and in the vicinity, five or six years, and in connexion, began a course of preparation for the medical profession. This, however, he soon abandoned, and commenced study for the ministry; a profession in all respects more congenial to his feelings, but which he had at first declined on account of an occasional slight impediment in the voice. He commenced preaching in 1803, in the county of Charlotte, a few miles distant from the scenes of his recent studies. His labors here were greatly blessed and were continued about nine years.—He was then called to become the pioneer and pastor of a church about to be gathered in the city of Richmond.

This flourishing city had hitherto been almost wholly given to idolatry—the idolatry of luxury, gayety and fashion—while the true God had in it but few devout worshippers. Providence led him to this new scene of labor just after the burning of the Richmond Theatre. By that awful calamity, involving as it did, the destruction of about seventy persons, leaving scarcely a family connexion 'in which there was not one dead,' God had opened the hearts of the gay and unreflecting inhabitants of that capital to attend to the things spoken by him. Multitudes thronged his place of worship, and waited with delight on his ministry; and the word of God had free course and was glorified.

He continued his successful labors in Richmond through eleven years. In the autumn of 1823, he was appointed by the Synod of Virginia to take charge of, or rather to create, the Theological Seminary, now called the 'Union Theological Seminary,' near Hampden Sydney College. Simultaneously with this appointment, Dr. Rice was unanimously elected President of Nassau Hall College, Princeton, New Jersey.—Every consideration but that of duty, strongly urged his accepting this latter office. But he declined and religiously and patriotically devoted himself to the work of building up from the very foundation, a theological institution in his native state. He formed his plans large, liberal, and discriminating, and carried them forward in the face of what seemed insuperable difficulties, to their entire accomplishment. Success crowned his labors, and before his lamented death, which occurred on the third of September, 1834, he had the pleasure of seeing his buildings erected, his institution respectably endowed, and a school of some fifty 'sons of the prophets' gathered and preparing to go forth to enlighten and bless our Southern country with all that is rich in the treasures of the Bible. Union Theological Seminary was instrumentally erected by Dr Rice; and both in its practical usefulness, and in the wisdom and extension of its plans, it will be a lasting monument to his name.

Such is a faithful though rapid and imperfect sketch of the *life* of the truly reverend John Holt Rice, D. D. His character most happily combined all the orders of true greatness.

He was a man of solid talents, of most benevolent heart, and prudent deportment.

He drew his principles of action fresh and pure from the well spring of life. He rested his heart, and hopes, and all his plans on the promises of God; and he believed the truth with a faith that was attended with the free surrender of the whole soul to the appropriate influence of the truth believed. His consistent, uniform, and cheerful piety made an abiding impression on all who shared his society, so that they were made to feel the power and acknowledge the excellence of the religion of the gospel.

He was a man of pure motives and illustrious deeds. Being of an amiable temper, his heart overflowed with affection to his friends, and was full of kindness to all. His eye and tones expressed the deepest tenderness. In person he was a little above the ordinary stature. Every thing was plain and unaffected. All stiffness and 'dictatorial dignity' were entirely foreign from his nature. His conversation evidenced superior wisdom and penetration; and he was so accessible and communicative to all, that one could not converse with him, or hear him speak, without becoming the better for it. Being of such a temper, he was peculiarly happy in his domestic relations. He made his home always attractive.

I have adverted to his philanthropy. This was a leading trait in his Christian character. He consecrated a mind, rich in the gifts of his Maker, and well supplied from all the stores of learning, to the glory of God, and the happiness of mankind. Nor was his philanthropy limited to a sect or party; it encircled in its wide and warm embrace, the well being of humanity.—But the distinct and immediate object he had before him, was to build up the great interests of religion and sound learning in our Southern States. For these ends, perhaps, no man in this part of our republic has ever labored more diligently, wisely and successfully. He was fertile in wise and well digested plans of usefulness.—While a pastor in Richmond, by his personal influence and the investment of his own small means, he established a press, and originated, (if I mistake not) the first religious newspaper in the South. To this he soon after added a monthly magazine. In conducting the latter, he had the hearty and able co-operation of his friend, Mr Wirt. Early in his ministry, he gave existence to the Virginia Bible Society. Encouraged by his success in this, he drew up a paper entitled, 'A plan for an American and Foreign Bible Society.' This 'Plan,' he communicated to his friends north and south, and after receiving various modifications, it was, probably, the chief instrument in giving existence to that noble institution, the American Bible Society. He was, in like manner, one of the projectors of several other important institutions, by whose influence our country and the world will be made the better.

In short, the variety, extent and success of his labors, were a wonder to his friends while he lived.

After his death, the secret was more fully discovered. A paper of 'Resolutions,' was found in his pocket book, among which were the following:—

'Never spare person, property, or reputation, if I can do good;—necessary that I should die poor.'

'Endeavor to feel kindly towards every one; never indulge anger, envy, jealousy, towards any human being.'

'Endeavor to act so as to advance the present comfort, the intellectual improvement, and the purity and moral good of my fellow men.'

Dr Rice was truly great in the powers of his intellect, as well as in the qualities of his heart. Yet he did not attain his intellectual superiority over other men, by any 'heaven-born inspiration,' but by the habit of patient thinking, and by the use of industry, that homely virtue, which is within the reach of all. The memento from his early monitor, 'Be sure, my son, to remember that the best men always make themselves,' was the 'pillar of cloud and of fire' which went before him, and led him on in the path to intellectual greatness. He possessed a strong and discriminating mind, which readily found its way to the leading points of every subject, and brought forth its conclusions with edifying simplicity.—As a writer and preacher, his style was like himself, simple, unadorned, and eloquent. He seldom wrote his sermons; but he had acquired that control over his own mind, and those habits of investigation which enabled him to compose his discourses, and give them a permanent existence in his own memory. His sermons, like his conversation, exhibited the conceptions of a strong, original thinker, and the feelings of an affectionate heart; and, of course, they invariably enchained the attention and subdued the hearts of his hearers. For the illustration of his character as a writer, and for specimens of his profound thinking as a Christian, a theologian, and a statesman, we must refer to his published sermons, addresses and reviews, and especially to his memoir of James Brainerd Taylor, and the series of letters which he addressed through the press, to James Madison, Esq., late President of the United States.

Such in principle and in deeds was Dr John Holt Rice. His life and character were a happy realization of his own words, when he once said, 'Scarcely can a spectacle of greater moral sublimity be presented to our view, than that of a man who, by his genius and learning, has acquired a mastery over the understandings of others, and by his goodness has gained their confidence, swaying them to purposes, and arousing them to the accomplishment of designs, which all the truly good in the universe approve, and which God Almighty sanctions and rewards.'

The example of such a man deserves imitation; and this sketch has been written with a sincere desire that it may invite imitation from all who condescend to read it.

[From the London Christian Observer for October.]

LAYING UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES UPON EARTH.

There are few passages of Scripture respecting which questions have been more frequently put to me than concerning Matt. vi. 19: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.' Such interrogatories have been made chiefly by two classes of persons; by those who are 'rising in the world,' and who shrewdly suspect that the Divine commandment may stand in the way of their pursuing a plan of mere self-aggrandizement; and by those who are conscientiously afraid of transgressing the will of God, whilst laboriously endeavoring to provide 'things honest' for themselves and their families. The motives of these two classes, in ascertaining the meaning of 'laying up treasures upon earth,' is therefore of a very different character. The former wish to know how far the Scripture can be interpreted so as to meet their own wishes; the latter desire to avoid the sin of accumulating unnecessary wealth on the one hand, and of neglecting the proper interests of their household on the other. Now, as the above passage is not the only one which affords us direction upon this important subject, we have it in our power, by 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual,' to ascertain the 'mind of the Spirit' upon the subject.

But let us first examine the import of the words themselves, and the circumstances under which they were delivered. The original meaning of 'treasure' is a heap, accumulation or store; being also applied to the chamber or repository where goods are laid up for future use. The verb 'lay up,' is merely a verbial form of the same word; so that, by changing the term into one of more precise import, it might be rendered, 'Store not up for yourselves stores upon earth.' And if we compare the last expression 'upon earth' with the corresponding one 'heaven,' (where we cannot literally deposit any substance,) we shall see that it manifestly denotes 'for an earthly purpose.' The passage therefore simply implies, that we are not to accumulate wealth for a mere worldly object or store it up for the future with a similar design. And that this is the true meaning of our Lord's command will be made manifest when we compare it with other passages of Scripture.

But here we would remark, that all kinds of accumulation are not forbidden; such as those which have any benevolent or religious object in view, or which are needful for the carrying on of business, or are demanded by the duties that we owe to our families. The former of these accumulations was directly sanctioned by God, with respect to the 'treasury' of the temple, and by St. Paul in regard to contributions for the poor. The latter were not required by those persons whom the Savior addressed. The condition of the Jews as a pastoral people was very different from that of a commercial nation, where it is often necessary to provide for future contingencies, in the 'mere way of business.' The fluctuating nature of trade, and the frequent dependence of helpless members of a family upon some provision made for them by its head, requires a little foresight, in order to comply with the Apostolic injunction of 'providing things honest.' Thus also, 'if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' (1st Tim. v. 8.) The law of inheritance amongst the Jews, and the temporal blessings (of good seasons and increase of corn and flocks) directly promised them by God, upon condition of their faithfully serving him, not only made all 'laying up' an unnecessary waste of the talents committed to their care, but caused it to savor of unbelief in God's providential promises.

But whilst we admit that accumulation is lawful in so far as necessary to subserve the cause of religion and humanity, and to provide things that are 'honest,' (that is decent or befitting,) we must beware of stretching this 'liberty' into licentiousness. A safe-guard on this dangerous side is to be found in other passages of the Bible. The first we shall advert to is, 'make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts (or desires) thereof.' (Rom. xiii. 14.) If 'laying up' therefore be practised in order to our living softly or luxuriously, or to increase the provisions of our table beyond that which is a comfortable supply of our wants—if it be adopted in order to flatter 'the pride of life,' (1st John ii. 16.) and to live in a more splendid style than decency requires of us in our respective situations; or if it be used to minister to our own or our children's future indolence, and freedom from honest labor—such accumulation becomes a criminal violation of the will of God: for it is made to fulfil 'the desires of the flesh.'

Let us advert to these points more particularly: 1. That we are not to seek more than a comfortable supply of our natural wants, is evident from such texts as these: 'Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.' (1st Tim. vi. 8) 'Mortify your members which are upon the earth.' (Col. iii. 5.) 'I keep under and bring my body into subjection.' (1st Cor. ix. 27.) 'Let your moderation be known to all men.' (Phil. iv. 5.) And 'temperance' is enjoined upon Christians in many parts of the sacred volumes. Pleasing the appetite by luxurious living is thus as definitely forbidden, as are all 'revellings,' (Gal. v. 21,) 'banquetings,' (1st Peter iv. 3,) and finding pleasure in the 'good things' of life, (Luke xvi. 25.)

2. No provision is to be made for satisfying (or indulging, for it can never be really satisfied) 'the pride of life.' This is explained by 1st Cor. vii. 20, 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called.' Religion thus forbids a man's changing his station in life for the purpose of gratifying his ambition and vanity. And this passage seems directly levelled against those ideas of 'rising in the world,' which prevail so much in the present day. If a man wish to be eminent according to the Bible, it must be for 'good works;' and he will have far more opportunity of doing so, if he remain in that state in which a wise Providence first placed him. We do not thus allude to such a change as may be made in order to avoid any peculiar inconveniences, for this is sanctioned by the Bible, (1st Cor. vii: 21;) but one which takes place in order to gain the honor which a foolish world gives to the possession of wealth and rank, rather than to the useful application of those talents. And we may boldly say, that no man has ever made himself better or happier by 'aping his superiors,' or by forsaking his 'own friend and his father's friend,' (Prov. xxii. 10,) that he might make new ones of a wealthier description. A certain 'rise in society' will sometimes of necessity take place through prosperity in business, or the possession of superior mental powers, which is to be humbly and thankfully acknowledged as the gift of God. But this is very different from our asking such an elevation through motives of pride and ambition: or from a wish to be honored for the mere display or possession of this world's finery or riches. Thus many a tradesman who has his house decently furnished, and his family respectably dressed, no sooner begins to 'rise in his circumstances,' than he looks forward to have handsome furniture and *suites* of apartments, and to see his wife and daughters decked out in tip top of fashion, and adorned (or disfigured) with trappings of gold and silver, that they may vie with those in a higher grade of society. That which satisfied them before, as being both comfortable and suitable to their station in life, does not please them now, simply because they are laying up treasures on the earth.

3. If property be accumulated, in order to subserve our own or our children's indulgence and freedom from honest labor, it comes under the reprobation of Christ. Many seem to imagine that it is respectable to have 'nothing to do.' But sound wisdom declares that the idle man is certainly the most disreputable, because the most useless person in the community. There are those who think the badge of their honor to be 'the doing nothing,' and who will scarcely deign to associate with men of business: but the fact is, their minds are so empty and foolish, that they would be quite unfit company for persons of sense: and if the whole of them were swept off the face of the earth, no blank would be found in the world in consequence thereof. Others suppose, that to 'retire from business' must be a great luxury: but they were never more deceived. Labor is one of the greatest blessings that God has brought out of the primeval 'curse.' The command of our Lord, therefore, is, 'Occupy till I come.' (Luke xix. 13.) When a man is accumulating property in order 'to retire,' that he may enjoy an inglorious ease, he is 'laying up treasures on the earth.' The approach of age and feebleness would naturally cause him gradually to withdraw from the active toils of life; and such a gradual retirement we think alone to accord with a faithful discharge of man's stewardship. A few exceptions are occasionally found in persons who leave the desk or the counter, to serve society in a more important manner; for doing which, they have the requisite ability, and have previously formed a scheme which shall occupy their powers both mental and physical. And when this is the case, they are worthy of double honor; for they have left 'making their own fortune' with the intent of blessing those around them. But such instances are necessarily rare. Few men of business have the ability, disposition, and opportunity of thus spending their years of 'retirement' in active usefulness; and all others would much more study the will of God and promote the best interests of themselves and others, by 'occupying till he come.' If they have already gained enough for themselves and families, let them now work for God, by devoting all their profits to the glory of Him who has favored them above their neigbors in a providential manner. And so it ought to be with families. No child who is able to labor for himself, has a right to expect more from his parents than a good education, and a suitable 'start' in the world. And the parent who 'lays up' for such is violating the command of God, and injuring his child by encouraging him to be remiss in his exertions, through a hope of 'being providing for.' The case is different with those branches of the family that may be unable to labor: yet nothing more than a suitable provison is here justifiable. But great advantage is frequently taken of this point, by a man's bringing up his family in a more expensive style that he once thought to be necessary for his own station, and making these expensive habits in which they have been trained an excuse for laying up more largely for their future wants. God who 'seeth the heart and trieth the reins,' will judge aright in such cases; and we generally find a Providential judgment overtake these persons or their families in this life, as a warning for others to 'obey the word of the Lord.'

[From the Advocate of Peace.]

CHINA.

From Medhurst's recent and very valuable work on China, we condense a few items appropriate to our pages.

1. *Its Extent.* China Proper, consisting of eighteen fertile and extensive provinces, covers 1,298,000 square miles, or about 830,720,000 English acres, for the most part densely populated. The central territory is enlarged by the addition of Chinese Tartary, a vast but thinly peopled region; and the power and grandeur of China are augmented by her authority or influence over Thibet, Corea and Loo-Choo, over Cochin-China, Camboja, Burma and Siam; including within 35 degrees of latitude, and 70 of longitude, more than 3,000,000 square miles.

2. *Its Population.* This has long been a subject of dispute among learned men; but recent inquiries and disclosures pretty fully confirm the highest estimates hitherto reported. Dr Morrison investigated the point with great care, and gathered full and satisfactory information from official documents. China is furnished with the best means of an accurate census. 'Every district has its appropriate officer; every street, its constable; and every ten houses, its tything-man. Every family is required to have a board always hanging up in the house and ready for the inspection of the authorized officers, on which the names of all persons, men, women and children in the house, are inscribed.' From these boards, or from the reports of heads of families, an annual census is made for purposes of internal policy; and the results given in these 'statistical accounts of the empire,' so far from being exaggerated for the gratification of national vanity, are likely, for various reasons stated by Morrison and Medhurst, to fall below the actual number. We subjoin the following progressive view of the population from 1393 to 1812, the date of Morrison's inquiries:

In 1393,	60,545,811.
1662,	21,068,600.
1668,	25,386,209.
1710,	23,312,200.
1711,	28,605,716.
1753,	102,328,258.
1792,	307,467,200.
1812,	361,221,909.

The following are estimates of different writers at the periods designated:

In 1743, according to Amiot,		157,301,755.
1762,	" Grosier,	198,214,553.
1790,	" Morrison,	143,125,234.
1792,	" G. Staunton,	333,000,000.

These estimates do not profess to be accurate; but the former were copied from official returns of the population at the specified dates. Nor is it difficult to account for the alternate increase and decrease. From 1393 to 1662 they were reduced from 60,000,000 to 21,000,000, and continued very much the same for nearly a century, when they rose to more than 100,000,000. The first reduction was occasioned by the wars attending the Tartar conquest of China; by large portions of the empire in the south and west not being completely subdued, so as to be reckoned as subjects; and by the mode of raising the revenue in the form of a capitation tax, which led vast multitudes to evade the enrolment of themselves and their families. At length, however, the capitation tax was converted into a land tax, and the effect was soon visible in the results of the annual census. The comparatively rapid increase of the population from 1711 to 1753, and thence to 1792, was occasioned mainly by the almost uninterrupted peace of China; and the diminished rate of increase from 1792 to 1812, was owing to emigration and use of opium.

Morrison and Medhurst both suppose China to contain not less than 361,000,000 inhabitants. Nor is this incredible. China Proper alone embraces 830,720,000 English acres; and this would give nearly 2 1-2 acres for every inhabitant; while an English physician has calculated that a single acre cultivated with potatoes, would subsist nearly 50 persons. Three hundred and sixty one millions would be only 200 to every square mile; and there are in Holland 210 to the square mile, in England, 244, in Ireland, 256, and in Belgium, 333.

3. *Destructive influence of Opium on the population of China.* From the close of the Tartar wars to the introduction of opium near the close of the eighteenth century, the population increased during long periods at the annual rate of about three per cent.; but mainly through the influence of this pernicious drug, the ratio of increase has been reduced to about one per cent.

'Those who have not seen the effects of opium-smoking in the eastern world, can hardly form any conception of its injurious results on the health, energies and lives of those who indulge in it. When the habit is once formed, it grows till it becomes inveterate. In proportion as the wretched victim comes under its power, so is his ability to resist temptation less strong; and, debilitated in body as well as mind, he is unable to earn his usual pittance, and not unfrequently sinks under the cravings of an appetite which he is unable to gratify. Thus they may be seen hanging their heads by the doors of the opium shops, which the hard-hearted keepers, having fleeced them of their all, will not permit them to enter; and shut out from their own dwellings, either by angry relations or ruthless creditors, they die in the streets, unpitied and despised. In fact every opium smoker may calculate upon shortening his life ten years from the time when he commences the practice; and, reckoning the shortened lives, the frequent diseases, and the actual starvation which are the result of this practice in China, we may venture to assert that this pernicious drug annually destroys myriads of individuals.'

Before 1796, opium, admitted on a payment of a duty, was imported to the extent of only a few hundred chests; but, since that time prohibited under heavy penalties, its importation has increased, especially within a few years, at the fearful rate of the following table.

Year.	*No. of chests.*	*Value.*
In 1816,	3,210	$3,657,000
1820,	4,770	8,400,800
1825,	9,621	7,608,205
1830,	18,760	12,900,031
1832,	23,670	15,338,160
1836,	27,111	17,904,248
1837,	34,000	23,000,000

4. *Military Establishment of China.* The government of China includes under its cabinet of ministers six tribunals,—the tribunal of civil office, of revenue, of rites, of war, of punishments and of public works. The tribunal of war superintends all the military affairs of the empire. The army, rated at 700,000, is a sort of militia, 'being employed a part of the year in cultivating the ground, and contributing to their own support. These generally clothe and arm themselves according to their own fancy, and are distinguished by the character *robust* stitched on their jackets in front, and the word *brave* behind! The regularly organized troops of the present dynasty are the Tartar legions, which amount to 80,000 effective men, arranged under eight banners, and always at the disposal of the government. These are so distributed throughout the empire as to keep four thousand times their own number in order,—80,000 X 4,000=320,000,000.

Chinese preparations for war compared with those of Christendom. We have in former numbers given some estimates on this subject; but, though very low in contrast with those of Christian nations, we now ascertain them to have been much too high. It seems from Mr Medhurst's account, that the regular army of China amounts merely to 80,000 men; that all the other soldiers (700,000) resemble our militia more than they do the standing armies of Europe; and that the entire military force of an empire containing a population of more than 361,000,000, is only 780,000.

Contrast this with the military establishments of Christendom. With a population of little more than 200,000,000, she maintains even in peace between three and four millions of soldiers; an average of one soldier to about 70 inhabitants; while China, if we reckon only her 80,000 Tartars, has barely one to 4,512, and, if we include her 700,000 militia, only one to 463; a proportion, according to the first estimate, of less than one to 600, and, according to the second, a little more than one to seven, in comparison with nations reputedly Christian. With less than fifteen millions of people, we ourselves have on our militia rolls probably 1,500,000, an

average of one soldier to ten inhabitants, while China has at most only one to 463!

Is it possible to conceive a fouler libel on Christianity, a keener satire on her professions of universal peace and good will? Christendom an immense range of barracks, a nursery of warriors, a vast slaughter-yard drenched age after age with Christian blood, shed by baptized hands! Such a religion offer peace to China! Could we make the Chinese credit such a promise belied by the whole history of warring Christendom? Yet the church, which has for centuries upheld this accursed system as an ordinance of God! is said, even by some professed friends of peace to have been in all ages essentially correct on this subject!! and the gospel, *as thus understood and practised*, is confidently expected to banish war from the face of the earth!!

[From Dewey's Sermon on the Atonement.]

In entering upon this subject I feel one serious difficulty. It has taken such hold of the superstition of mankind, that it is difficult to present it in its true, simple, natural, and affecting aspects. For this reason, I shall not attempt to engage your minds in the ordinary course of a doctrinal discussion. I *cannot* discuss this solemn theme in a merely metaphysical manner. I cannot contemplate a death, and least of all the death of the Savior, only as a doctrine. It is to me, I must confess, altogether another kind of influence. It is to me, if it is anything, power and grandeur; it is something that rivets my eye and heart; it is a theme of admiration and spiritual sympathy; it leads me to meditation, not to metaphysics; it is as a majestic example, a moving testimony, a dread sacrifice, that I must contemplate it. I see in it a death-blow to sin; I hear the pleading of the crucified One for truth and salvation, beneath the darkened heavens and amidst the shuddering earth!

I mean to say, that all this is spiritual and practical. It amazes me, that this great event, which is filling all lands and all ages, yea, and is to fill eternity with its presence, should be resolved altogether—all gathered and stamped into a formula of faith. It is every way astonishing to me, that such a speculative use should have been made of it; that suffering should have been seized upon as a subject for metaphysical analysis; that the agony of the Son of God should have been wrested into a thesis for the theologian; that a death should have been made a dogma; that blood should have been taken to write a creed; that Calvary should have been made the arena of controversy; that the cross, whereon Jesus with holy candor and meekness, prayed for his enemies, saying, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!'—that the cross should have been made a rack of moral torture for his friends, whereon, in all the valleys and upon all the hills of Christendom, they have been crucified by unkindness and exclusion—is there another such contradiction—is there another such phenomenon to be found, in all the strange history of the world? There have been martyrdoms recorded in the world's great story; but when before were martyrdoms wrought into sharp and reproachful metaphysics? There have been fields drenched with righteous blood; there have been lowly and lonely valleys, like those of Piedmont and Switzerland, where the sighs and groans of the crushed and bleeding have risen and echoed among the dark crags that surrounded them; but who ever thought of building up these dread testimonies of human suffering and fortitude, into systems of doctrinal speculation?

Let me not be misunderstood. In the train of the world's history, as I follow it, I meet at length with a being, marked and singled out from all others. I read, in the Gospel, the wonderful account of the most wonderful personage, that ever appeared on earth. Nothing, in the great procession of ages, ever bore any comparison with the majestic story that now engages my attention. I draw near and listen to this being, and he speaks as never man spake. By some strange power, which I never so felt before, he seems as no other master ever did,—he seems to speak to *me*. I follow him, as the course of his life leads me on. I become deeply interested, more than as for a friend, in everything he says, and does, and suffers. I feel the natural amazement at the resistance and hatred he meets with. I feel a rising glow in my cheek, at the indignities that are heaped upon him. I say with myself, 'surely God will interpose for him!' I hear him speak obscurely of a death by violence; but, like the disciples, I cannot receive it. I look, rather, that some horses and chariots of fire, shall come and bear him up to heaven. But the scene darkens around him; more and more frequently fall from his lips the sad monitions of coming sorrow; he prepares a feast of friendship with his disciples, but he tells them that it is the last; he retires thence to the shades of Gethsemane; and lo! through those silent shades comes the armed band; he is taken with wicked hands; he is borne to the Judgment-Hall; he is invested with a bloody crown of thorns, and made to bear his cross amidst a jeering and insulting multitude; he is stretched upon that accursed tree; he expires in agony. Oh! where are now the hopes, that he would do some great thing for the world! He seemed as one, who would save the world, and lo! he is crucified and slain! He seemed to hold in his bosom the great regenerative principle; he knew what was in man and what man wanted; he appeared as the hope of the world; and where now is that hope? Buried, intombed, quenched in the dark and silent sepulchre. All is over—all, to my worldly view, is ended. I wander away from the scene in hopeless despair. I fall in company, as the narrative leads me on, with two of the scattered disciples going to Emmaus. And as we talk of these things, one joins us in our walk, and asks us what are these sad communings of ours. And we say, 'Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he says, what things? And we answer, concerning Jesus of Nazereth. Then expounds he to us the Scriptures; and says, ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory?' In fine, he reveals himself unto us, and then vanishes away. And we say, 'did not our hearts burn within us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?'

In short, it is at this point, that a new view enters my mind of the sufferings of Jesus. The worldly views all pass away—the worldly views of death and defeat, of ignominy and ruin; and I see that through death it was, that Jesus conquered. I see that his dying, even more than his living, is a ministration of power, and light, and salvation to the world. I see that that ignominy is glory; that those wounds are fountains of healing; that the cross, hitherto branded as the accursed tree, fit only for the execution of the vilest culprits, has become the emblem of everlasting honor.

Now, therefore, the death of Jesus becomes to me the one great revelation. I determine to know nothing else—nothing in comparison with it; nothing is of equal interest. All the glory of Christ's example, all the graciousness of his purposes, shines most brightly on the cross. It is the consummation of all, the finishing of all. The epitaph of Jesus is the epitome of Christianity. The death of Jesus is the life of the world.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Every young man must look forward with interest towards the scenes of his future life, and must spend many anxious thoughts upon his own destiny and character. The choice of a profession is one of the most serious and important acts which he can be called upon to perform, as it will probably have an influence upon his character through life. To every one who has a proper sense of the responsibility resting upon him, the selection of his employment for life will cause many hours of serious thought, much prayer for guidance, much faithful examination of his own powers. Young man now reading these lines, have you chosen your course? Come then and listen to a few words of counsel.

You desire to do what is your duty, and if it be your duty to take any particular profession, that profession you will take. This is a commendable desire, this is the proper spirit. You love the Savior, and daily you pray that he may rule the hearts of all men. Happy are you if your breast is warmed by this love, if this is your daily prayer. Happy are you if Jesus rules in your heart; if you bring every thought into subjection to him. But if your daily prayer is, Thy kingdom come, why not show the sincerity of that prayer by devoting your life to the spread of that kingdom? You pray for the day when all men shall call upon the Lord. 'How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?' And who shall be preachers if young men who love the Lord refuse to go? Shall we look to those who despise the riches of his grace, for those who shall proclaim his salvation abroad? Can we expect those who have never given their affections to Jesus, should go forth as preachers of that crucified Redeemer? O no, you cry, but there are others than I, who will come forward. Yet what if these others each like you rely on some one else to do the work? Will Jesus then be preached? Will men hear him, believe in him, call upon his name and be saved? Or will they sit in darkness and run to perdition whilst you are waiting for the other to carry them the lamp of life? Perhaps you say that you can serve the cause of Religion in other ways than by preaching. You can take some mechanical trade, and while you are benefitting mankind by the productions of manual skill, you can exert on those with whom you associate and those whom you employ a salutary religious influence. Granted. But has our Lord given you no more talents than these? Are there not thousands who will be as good mechanics as you, but who have not the light of the Gospel shining in their hearts? To them then leave the labors of the body, but go you and labor for the soul. You have the lamp of life in your hands. Hide it not in the workshop of a mechanic, for though it may shine there and give much light, yet you can place it in a more conspicuous station. Perhaps you say you can take the profession of Law and be of service in defending the oppressed and in setling differences between men. Take a higher aim. Rather seek to spread the religion which will relax the heart of the oppressor and cause all oppression and all strife to cease. Go not to laws which affect the outward conduct alone and attempt to remedy sins after they have been committed. Preach rather the Gospel of Jesus which purifies the heart, and prevents all sin by going to the fount and cleansing that. How would you be of most benefit, by rescuing from the grasp of a miser the wealth wrongfully extorted from the widow and orphan and restoring it to them by long process of law, or by bringing that miser's heart under the influence of religion and thus prevent him from ever making the extortion? Perhaps you say you will become a beloved physician, and while healing the maladies of men you can bless them and glorify your Maker. Let the sick heal their sick; but do you go and heal those sick of the deadly wounds of sin. Trifle not with the paltry drugs and nostrums which heal but the ills of the body. Go raise the brazen serpent and call upon sin-sick souls to look and recover health. Go plant the standard of the cross among dying men and call upon them to look up to it in faith and be saved from the death whose pang outlasts the fleeting breath. Waste not your time in building up this frail body and deferring for a few years the approaching end. Go preach the resurrection from the dead and an eternal life to all who trust in Jesus. Go save immortal souls from endless death, go and heal men from ills which else might blast forever.

(*Remainder next week.*)

LOVE OF MAMMON. ITS EFFECTS.

The Persians were scarcely more devoted worshippers of the Sun, than the Americans seem to be of Mammon. Midas turned everything he touched to gold; but Mammon turns his followers to asses. The entire moral, political, and social condition of the country, is degraded and corrupted by this debasing devotion. It has not only disgraced Office, but it has even assaulted the virtues of domestic life, made beauty the merest pander, and turned goodness, sensibility and intelligence, and even sincerity, out of doors.

'Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind,
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.'

You see a gentleman, for fashion 'calls gentleman whom she has made a fool,' swelling 'significant and budge' in all the pomp and circumstance which jewelry, broadcloth and livery, can practicably bestow, with a daughter dressed to match on each arm. They are reputed wealthy, and no sooner make their appearance in the public walk, than they are beset by half a dozen young 'gentlemen,' with their elbows thrust at the ladies, resolved to relieve the opulent gentleman of his tender charges. The most odoriferous and impudent of course, succeed, and thus the pairs strut away, treating each other to a delectable conversation upon various interesting topics, such as epidemic throats, catarrhs, rheums, coughs, phthisics, dancers, flirtations, weather and sulphur water. The parent joins coterie under one of the oaks bowing and grinning with a starchness of neck and complacency of mouth worthy of his immense dignity and importance. There are some gentlemen 'in that crowd' of talent and mental accomplishment, and two of them are holding an interesting dialogue upon some point of moral philosophy, which is about as intelligible to that rich fellow, as 'flutes and soft recorders' to a turkey buzzard. Some one incidentally mentioned the Natural Bridge, whereupon the man of notes and stocks, broke forth in a spirit of learned inquiry, 'Pray sir, tell me, is the Natural Bridge built of stone or wood?' and departed, perfectly satisfied with a quizzical answer, to refresh himself with sulphur water. Nevertheless, that man and his family are as conspicuous in society as any body else. His money more than compensates for his deficiency to the people he meets. 'Is HE rich? 'Is SHE rich?' are the first and most important questions raised by one-half of both sexes, when a stranger's standing is to be settled. Property is the first topic of inquiry; mental and moral worth the last.

But property is fluctuating, and the calculations about it are deceptive and always exaggerated. If both sexes are to become fortune-hunters in their intercourse with each other, old maids and old bachelors are destined to increase, for all cannot be rich, and no honorable man will approach a woman who suspects his intentions are sordid, nor marry one who expects a fortune as a part of her inducement. It is suprising that a little modicum of sense should not be exercised in these matters. If a young man is incapable of sustaining a wife, unless she bring a fortune, he is unfit to have one. And if a young lady cannot repose with more confidence upon the substantial capital of a young man's good heart and sound head, than upon the precarious substance which, having fallen to him by accident, may just as easily fly away, she has little wisdom and less sentiment, and ought not to leave her parental protection.

An aristocracy founded upon wealth is the most contemptible that can be conceived. It is the most senseless and most sensual; the most ignorant and the most corrupt. It is fortunate that it is, in reality, a mushroom aristocracy. It endures only while the money lasts, and that is seldom for more than one generation.

Yonder is the last male representative of a family once rich, the fag end of a monkey aristocracy. He lost one brother in a duel—one died of mania potu, and another of something quite as bad. He seems to be a harmless young man, and he goes, like Mark Antony, straight on. His sharp and pallid features are partly covered by his ambrosial locks, which flow in dark profusion down to his shoulders. He has a vacant stare, and no doubt a vacant pocket. A glazed and threadbare coat, and buttonless straps upon his inexpressibles, indicate that he is no longer on terms of intimacy with the tailor, and the uncertain heels of his 'everlasting' shoes, are obvious proofs that he is on no better footing with the man of the last. A large finger-ring and a black cane, are the last vestiges of his patrimonial inheritance. The girls liked him once, but now are half inclined to set their little brother poking sticks at him, he is such a funny looking thing, as if he was more a thing now than when they knew he had money! But let him pass—to morrow troubles him not—he is in a blissful ignorance of his own prospects—a thought would destroy his paradise—he has not dreamed of what he is coming to—

'——a bottle and a bagge,
A staffe, a wallet, and a woful ende.'

'Give us neither poverty nor riches,' is the prayer of true wisdom.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Chicago, Aug. 18th, 1839.

To say the truth, our views are found to be singularly adapted to the free and original style of thought, which characterizes western men. Accustomed to depend much upon their own resources, on all subjects to think for themselves, and to give their studies a practical turn, we should naturally suppose that they would feel a strong affinity for those religious views which allow perfect freedom of conscience, and discourage a servile dependence upon humanly contrived formularies of faith. We do not mean to say, that there are no churches in the west, that cherish a bigoted attachment to absurd and gloomy dogmas; though we think that even religious exclusiveness and bigotry do there take a tone somewhat more subdued than here. Untrammelled, however, as many of the western people are by creeds, and emancipated from the chains of an exclusive and denunciatory sectarianism, they are predisposed to judge fairly upon religious subjects; and are ready to receive a religion that commends itself to their reason. Many of them, it is true, make no pretensions to personal piety; but even the seeming indifference of some is owing rather to the fact that religion has been crowded out of their notice by the sense-exciting and worldly influences under which they have unhappily been placed, than to rooted unbelief, or a want of reverence for religion and its hallowed institutions, or any settled purpose of living without their influence. It is rather because they have not enjoyed opportunities for examining an intelligible exposition of Christianity, than because they harbor a latent skepticism, that so many of them have not yet taken decidedly religious ground. And now that the dreamy mania for sudden wealth has in some measure abated its paroxysm, they are beginning to feel more sensibly than ever before, their need of a better way to happiness, than the seductive and dangerous path of speculation. Now is the time, therefore, to act. Unitarianism is found to be exactly what many minds in the west want; and shall we not help them to have it, in its purity and power? Our missionaries have met with not a few, who have acknowledged with gratitude and joy, that—after having turned away unsatisfied from one set of doctrines after another, still seeking with restless eagerness what might harmonize better with the plain unvarnished statements of the scriptures, the conclusions of reason, the common sense of mankind, and the practical applications of daily life, society and business—they had at last found in our doctrines alone what they had so long been in quest of, and what had saved them from rejecting the Christian religion, as a system unworthy of God, and ill-adapted to human nature. Nor let us forget, that where one is thus signally blest by liberal and cheering views of religion, numbers are also benefited in an inferior degree.

If we really wish that our views should prevail, let us be consistent, and employ the necessary means. Neglecting to send forth preachers—neglecting to aid the weak-handed in obtaining a hearing for them, how can we expect our faith to keep pace with that of other denominations, which, already far outnumbering ours, spread their opinions with a more fervent zeal, and at a cost of far greater sacrifices? *Here*, in New England, we are a minority, and so must remain; but in the west, where both society and religion, are in rapid process of organization, the harvest may be rich and abundant, if we but sow the good seed betimes, and watch over its upspringing with the due solicitude and self-renunciation. *That* denomination, whose charities are the most prudently applied while they are the most profuse, whose policy looks the farthest into futurity, whose measures are the boldest and best sustained, will certainly obtain the ascendancy in those new fields. Here lies the secret of that success which attends the missions of the Roman Catholic Church. With a ritual appealing strongly to the senses and feelings, it is the earliest care of the emissaries of that faith, who are men of the highest education, and who are permanently sustained, to provide the people where they go with a sanctuary for their worship, without burdening them with the expense. Now look at your opportunity for doing a noble work, and measure your momentous responsibilities.

What a source of reproach would it everlastingly be to our denomination, with such a chance to graft, in the west, upon the austere stock of Calvinism, the true scion of Christ's own doctrine, and there to realize in the results of an effective system of missions, boldly began and steadily sustained, the most sanguine hopes of the friends of liberal Christianity, if we suffer this favorable tide to ebb away, through their unwillingness to make some trifling sacrifices. Probably a conjuncture so critical as the present—a state of society so propitious to the spread of our 'precious faith' will never recur. Those young men who now constitute the great mass of our western nation, will live to be the sires, or the contemporaries, of a population far greater in the Mississippi valley alone, than that of all the United States at present. Shall those millions, and the countless generations that are to come after them, live and die shackled with a faith, which in many respects we are compelled to regard as erroneous and hurtful; or shall not some of them, at least, enjoy through our labors (and if need be, our sacrifices) that spiritual liberty, with which Christ designed to make us free.' Ought we not to kindle up the light of our faith in the west, as a guiding beacon to the benighted way-farer, although the surrounding 'darkness comprehend it not' at first;—though our brethren there *be* now few, and opposition in some quarters violent? Shall the perplexing dogma of the Trinity—shall those unworthy views of the character of God, which represent Him as abhorring the creatures of his forming hand, and as wreaking his vengeance upon his innocent Son—shall these fetters be worn by the children of that fair region, and shall their serene sky be shrouded in the gloom and darkness of an unsound and cheerless theology?—or, shall we not now arouse ourselves to a vigorous course of missionary exertion, in order to plant what we consider a rational, scriptural, heaven-descended religion in what is soon to be the very heart of the American people. Our western brethren are not sneering skeptics. They are not so ignorant either, as to be incompetent judges of our doctrines. There is no deficiency of understanding or shrewdness among them, whether to grapple with abstract truth, or to measure the intellectual standing of those who may visit them. They are acquainted with our ablest writers, and appreciate our theology very highly; and probably they are wont to reflect more deeply upon religious subjects, and to feel more intensely the power of unaffected, vital piety, than they commonly have the credit of. Many of them are ready and anxiously waiting to receive an enlightened interpretation of what our Father in heaven has said and done for the welfare of his children. Bigots among them there are. Infidels there may be;—deaf to the voice of conscience, blind to the refulgent glory of Revelation. But these are the spurious offspring of a perverted Christianity, in the elder states; not the genuine sons of the west; and they are comparatively few. But were there tenfold more unbelievers than there are, the reasons for sending them a liberal creed would only be tenfold stronger. Worldly men, too—slaves to ambition—worshippers of mammon—there are among them; and 'lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God.' But if *these* are sufficient reasons for withholding the Gospel from them, why let us carry out such reasoning to its practical consequences at home,—dismiss our clergy and close our churches forever. These facts are, however, to be construed differently. They are the most powerful arguments in favor of western missions. It is out of the depths of their religious destitution, that their voice of woe breaks upon our ear with most moving accents. It is from those prairie hamlets which have never yet been awakened ty a cheerful devotion, a rational piety, that the cry 'come over and help us' breaks forth in tones, which it would be unkind to resist. In vain does that soft landscape bloom through summer;—in vain, and worse than in vain, shall vast tracts come newly every year under the culturing care of enterprising emigrants;—unless their minds are moulded into a living temple, and the worship and ordinances of the One God are set up on the ruins of a debasing mammon-worship. And they *do seem* to call out—'come over and help us.' Come and help us convince the fanatic and the enthusiast of the superior value of a rational creed, an intelligible and decorous worship. Come and aid us to strike the manacles of exclusiveness, bigotry and priestcraft from hands held in spiritual bondage—to rouse to a consciousness of their freedom, to a sense of their accountability, minds that have hitherto bowed in servile homage to the authority of human teaching alone. 'Come and help us' convince those, who have become disgusted with all religion because of the extravagance of some of its professors, and the absurdity of some of their doctrines, that there is a better way to heaven, which may be travelled without discarding our reason, independence, or charity. It will be a fair heritage, indeed, this Eden of the west, provided a true form of Christianity preside over its destinies. A more lovely surface, a more generous soil the all-seeing sun does not look down upon, on this whole round of earth. Undulating prairies, spotted here and there with groves, or thinly sown in some districts with spare forests of oak, resembling the reserved orchards and shade-trees of an old and long-cultivated region, but really fresh and uncropt by the hand of culture, as they came from the forming finger of the Creator, in the days of primitive Eden—sweet and limpid streams of living water, reflecting a sky serene and temperate, far beyond the ordinary proportion—exhaustless stores of coal and other mineral treasures—boundless ranges of the richest pasturage for flocks and herds—all these attractive objects, to be had, too, almost without 'money, and without price,' are constantly inviting the laboring classes of the east and the south, away from the sterile soil of their nativity, to one more worthy of their patient industry, where they may reap even in the second year an ampler return, than they had ever dared to imagine in the wildest dreams of a New England or a Carolina harvest-home. And this is the population for which we wish to provide not only churches, but an able and enlightened ministry in the prairie state. Though rich in the future, they are poor in present resources. Agriculture, as yet, is rather productive than profitable. The expense of building, both as respects materials and labor, is double what it is with you. You *can* know little of the external discomforts, and those more deeply felt privations of a moral and religious kind, which *they* must after all experience, who quit the homes of their fathers and seek new altars in the clime of the setting sun. It is in our power to do much to smooth the roughness of the emigrant's path, and take away the bitterness of his regrets for the land from which he is self-exiled, by aiding him to set up his Bethel there, and to say with a feeling of domestic attachment—'Surely the Lord is in this place.' We will not allude to that worldly consideration—the reflected advantages, which the merchants and manufacturers of the Atlantic cities gather from the growth and prosperity of the west; though it is easy to see, that the bread which we thus cast upon those western waters may and will be found again, even in a moral, as well as commercial sense, ere many days. And it may turn out to be not only for the benefit of those who have migrated thither, but of friends now surrounding us—nay, for our own, as it may be in the progress of events,—that we are there clearing and adorning the Christian vineyard, and building altars,—around which the devout shall be gathered to 'call on the name of the Lord.' And what more dignified source of satisfaction can there be, when the current of business or curiosity shall carry any to the west, than to bend in adoration of the One God, within those far-off temples, which their beneficence may have been the means of rearing,—the hallowed monuments at once of their brotherly love, and their self-sacrificing interest in the spread of Christian truth;—to behold those temples thronged with congregations of devout worshippers, whom *they* shall have been the instruments of gathering into the fold of Christ and enlightening with a pure and life-giving faith. Our western brethren are asking us for the bread of life—for something in the form of Christianity; that they can understand, revere, and love. They are 'perishing for lack of vision'—some of them in worldliness and sin;—others, because of the prevalence of an untrue and demoralizing creed, in utter despair of ever finding what may meet their religious wants;—perishing under the wintry sky of a desolate, cheerless, hopeless skepticism, that realizes no Father's all-surrounding, beneficent providence; that recognizes not a friend in that Son of his who 'was sent to bless us by turning us from our sins.'

Many of them are, however, waiting and watching for the dawn of a better day. It is for us here, in the east, to kindle up the cheering glow of that hoped for morning. May its promise be like that of 'the rising light, which shineth on brighter and brighter to the perfect day.' 'Go thy way; sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor; and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.'

Yours, &c. W. P. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

A Letter to W. E. Channing, D. D. on the Subject of the Abuse of the Flag of the Unites States in the Island of Cuba, and the advantage taken of its protection in Promoting the Slave Trade. By R. R. Madden.

It must deeply interest and excite all its readers. It discloses matters of the most astonishing character and exposes a depth and extent of turpitude which, for the sake of humanity if we could, we would deem the dream of a disorded imagination. But this resource of burning shame and indignation is not permitted us. The evidence of the infamous facts is too direct and abundant. And when known it will send a thrill of disgust and abhorrence through the whole country. Our valleys and mountains and free streams will blush beneath the calm look of the pure and honest heavens. Every man must feel himself injured and insulted. Can it be that the flag, which is an emblem to our minds of all that is brave and generous, just and glorious, from which streams the inspiration of freedom, in defence of whose honor we would do and endure all things, beneath whose folds Washington has fought, which has waved over many a field, where the blood of martyrs to man's rights and dignity has flowed fast and warm—now floats in *protection* over ships loaded with stolen, manacled Africans, with the connivance of an officer of our government? Can it be believed that this man is so wicked and impudent as to use his official influence and authority to shield and promote this traffic? This N. P. Trist, we fear, is a great villain. Why does not the President look into these charges? What motive can induce him to keep this creature, a disgrace to his country and kind in office? Or has it come to this that to please and propitiate a certain portion of our people, the Chief Magistrate must overlook violations of our most solemn pledges and laws? Do southern principles demand such sacrifices of northern men? We hope not—we believe not. Southerners themselves, it is probable would scorn such paltry politics. If not, their boasted honor and chivalry are gross pretence. And if our government has become a mere system of management in reference to prevailing prejudices and passions—if justice and moral principle have no control over its operations, why then we have only to look for a revelation of the *righteous* judgments of God. But we will not give way to such impressions. Matters have not yet arrived at so desperate a pass.

There is yet among us sufficient sensibility and power of virtue to make itself felt and revered in the highest place. And this letter, if it gain credence, and there appears to be every reason why it should, will do not a little to arouse its most vehement and determined energies. The people *will* in some way wipe this stain from their hard earned and dear bought fame, this foul spot from their most glorious sun. A weight of indignation will gather and light on the head of this Consul which *even he* will find it difficult to bear, as hardened as he is and lost to all right perceptions and sentiments. There is a British commission at Havana, for the suppression of the slave trade. This commission Mr Trist has insulted and abused in the most indecent and virulent manner. How painful and humiliating is the contemplation of the contrast here presented! England surpassing us in the cause of freedom and humanity! While her agents are exerting themselves to the utmost to restrain and suppress 'this accursed traffic' our consul is doing all he can to help and protect it, perverting the powers with which he is entrusted to the basest purposes, evading the laws of his country, uttering in her name the most loathsome sentiments, and setting at defiance the feelings and convictions of the civilized world? What American's heart will not take fire, who of us will not hang his head as he reads this? It must be the deep prayer of every one that our country may soon be relieved of every connexion with slavery. While it continues it robs us of our just influence. Were it not for this incubus upon its might, it would soon penetrate earth's darkest places. It would cause tyranny to tremble through all her dungeons and palaces. Its sceptres would turn to ashes and its legions take flight for the regions of everlasting night. But while this shadow is over us it is comparatively powerless. Tyrants will sit in quiet and security on their old thrones and scoff at our pretensions and teachings till we show ourselves sincere and consistent. The letter is so connected as a whole, that it is difficult to make selections that will be satisfactory. We have done the best we could to help our readers to an understanding of the subject. Addressing Dr Channing the writer says:

Perhaps the thought might flash across your mind, that the Texian system of conquest, by means of colonization, was considered applicable to Cuba, as well as to portions of the Mexican dominions, and that the future progress of Texian conquest, and the decline and ultimate fall of the South American republics, were supposed to have rendered it desirable, to prevent the suppression of a trade which was destined to extend the influence of slavery, to spread its empire over the vast regions of South America, and under the protection of its tutelary flag, to continue to Cuba and Porto Rico a traffic, which, in the language of Mr. Trist, "to all practical purposes has become hallowed in all eyes here."

Perhaps, sir, you might not be deterred by the smile of public incredulity, or the sneer of political contempt, from expressing the opinion that the continuance of the slave-trade was a very material ingredient in the policy of those political desperadoes, who, to counteract, the power and influence of the Northern States, are prepared to extend the Southern boundary, and to secure the permanence, and to promote the realization of the benefits to humanity conveyed in the opinion solemnly expressed by Mr. Trist, when he declared that he "*entertains a deliberate and oft revolved doubt, whether considered merely in itself, the slave-trade be not a positive benefit to its supposed victims.*"

Perhaps, sir, on the perusal of this letter, you might imagine there was reason to believe such a conspiracy against the people of Africa and the South American territories was in existence, and was acted on in Cuba; and the final accomplishment of its promised "benefits," was reserved for the completion of the Texian policy both in the Spanish Islands and on the Main.

Perhaps you might be induced to believe that wild as this scheme may seem to be, it is not impracticable in the hands of bad, bold men, whose physical and mental energies are so vastly superior to those of the people they settle down amongst, with the strong purpose of dispossessing, when the plot is matured, and the mask of colonial allegiance may be successfully thrown off.

These are considerations which, in all probability, would be pondered over well and long in the depths of thought like yours, before I received a reply. But whatever that reply might be, I am greatly mistaken if the British Government and the people of Great Britain and America, or that portion, at least, of the intelligence and integrity of both countries that goes under that name, would not receive it with respect, examine it with attention, and confide in the justice of its conclusions.

These conclusions would be grounded, I presume, on the following assumptions:—

1. That the Spanish slave-trade has gradually and steadily increased from the year 1820 to the present year; and the importations have been augmented from 15,000 to 25,000. per annum.

2. That the great amount of American capital invested in slave property in the island of Cuba, and the energy with which the new American settlers have entered on the cultivation of new land, (the establishment of new American plantations averaging during the last three years, twenty a year,) have largely contributed to give an impetus to the trade, which has been fatal to the efforts made for its suppression.

3. That the recent treaty of 1835, between Spain and England, for its suppression, has been successfully evaded by the practice adopted of shipping the stores for the slave-trade on board American vessels at the Havana.

4. That American vessels are suffered to proceed with the stores to Africa, and even to return to the Island of Cuba with slaves, under the Portuguese flag, with the full knowledge of the Consul of the United States.

5. That all the vessels in the Spanish slave-trade, are built in America, chiefly in Baltimore; and are publicly sold for the slave trade in the Havana, by the foreign merchants.

6. That fraudulent transfers of the papers are constantly made, of vessels employed or destined for this trade.

7. That slaves under fictitious titles, described in fraudulent declarations as free, indented laborers, and duly attested by the Consul of the United States, have been exported from Havana to Texas.

8. That within the last two years and a half, two vessels have been detected landing slaves in the United States. One of which, the Emperor, was taken by an American vessel of war and sent to Pensacola for trial; and on her release, by one of these illegal transfers became Portuguese, and subsequently taken about June last, by a British cruiser, under the name of Sierra del Pilar.

9. That the slave-trade of Cuba for the last two years has been carried on under the protection of the Portuguese and American flags.

10. That the Spanish flag during that period, with one or two exceptions, fell into complete disuse.

11. That on the dismissal from office of the notorious slave-trader Fernandez, the Portuguese consul, Mr. Trist became the acting consul for that nation.

12. That the use and abuse of these two flags were of necessity known to Mr. N. P. Trist, and were connived at by him.

Perhaps before entering into these particulars, I should have informed you that Mr. N. P. Trist is the gentleman who fills the office of Consul General of the United States at the Havana. That he has gained for himself within the last three or four years, a considerable degree of unenviable notoriety, and for his office, unfortunately, an amount of obloquy highly prejudicial to its high character, by the arrogance of his conduct, the neglect of his duties, and lastly, by the scandalous protection he has afforded to the slave-trade, and the open predilection he has recently avowed, and *officially recorded*, for the interests of that nefarious traffic.

Of late, he has taken occasion twice, in official communications, to bestow a vast quantity of abuse on the British members of the Commission for the suppression of the slave-trade; and not only the present members of it, but their several predecessors; and moreover the most unmeasured reproach it is possible to conceive, on the British Government. But what is most likely to excite the anger of the folks of the old country, this poor man has bestowed "his pity" on a very large portion of the people of England. And for what calamity, forsooth?—why, for their abhorrence of the slave-trade: because, in the word of Mr. Trist, they waste their energies on a cause that is "a delusion," practiced on them by men who are "*self-seekers*," "*deceivers*," "theatrical exhibitors," "fanatics," and "impostors;" for all of whom, his feelings, he declares, are those of "*disgust and indignation*."

The "disgust" of Mr. Trist is certainly sufficiently loathsome without the insult of his "pity," and either of them less patiently to be endured than his "indignation."

There is some allowance, however to be made for the latter; a latent feeling of respect for the interests of the "market," and of regret for the loss of a property in Cuba, which must have made him a frequenter of it, had he been able to have retained his estate there, no doubt have much to do with the "indignation" of the disconsolted planter. Mr. Trist had scarcely entered on his official duties, when he purchased an estate in Cuba. Every one conversant with slavery in that island, knows that the slave population is not kept up by the increase on the plantations. On sugar properties, that there is in fact no increase at all, and that it is necessary under the present system of management, to have recourse to the slave market, to make up for the annual decrease, by the purchase of newly imported slaves from Africa. So that one of the first acts of this officer was to place himself in a condition, which imposed on him the necessity of participating in a crime, which the laws of his country pronounce Piracy, and punish with the penalty of Death.

Fortunately for his office, Mr. Trist became unable to meet the engagements into which he had entered, when the period came round for the payment for this estate. Law proceedings were commenced against him, and he was compelled to shelter himself under the privileges of his office, and the special protection of the Captain General, to avoid the ruinous consequences of a legal prosecution in a Spanish court. Mr. Trist was compelled to give up his estate,—his poverty, but not his will, consented to the sacrifice.

Driven from the pleasing exercise of power as a Cubian planter, he turned to the prospect of the emoluments of office; and the protection of the slave-trade opened a new field for speculation. In the year 1836, the published correspondence of the Commissioners with the British Government, throws some light on the proceedings of Mr. Trist, during the preceding year, with respect to the countenance given by that person to the slave-trade, then carrying on between Texas and the island of Cuba. This trade in the latter part of 1835, had been carried on by American citizens to a considerable extent. The attention of the Commissioners was at length called to these scandalous proceedings. A new plan was devised to evade their vigilance. The American Consul, when a shipment was to be made, had declarations made before him, by the Captains of the American vessels employed in transporting the bozal negroes from this port, stating that these persons were free indented laborers, and this declaration was duly attested by Mr Trist. In plain terms, the signature of the American Consul at the Havana was appended to these fraudulent documents. He, Mr Trist, well knowing that the said free indented laborers, were sent to Texas to be sold there, by dealers established in Cuba for the sole purpose of this traffic.

The following Letters are laid before our community, in the hope that they may be the means of enlisting some of the friends of Western Missions, in aid of the churches planted in Illinois, and now under the care of Mr Huntington.

Plymouth, Sept. 16, 1839.

Two years since, the Rev. Wm. P. Huntington was ordained as an Evangelist, and sent to Hillsboro' and its vicinity, in Illinois as a missionary, by the associated churches of Plymouth, Kingston and Duxbury. Such was the acceptableness of his services, and the fruit of his labors, that at the termination of his engagement with us, he was retained by our friends at the West, with the aid he has received from the A. U. A., and has continued his service to the present time. The experiment has been abundantly successful. Its results have entirely satisfied us of the practicability and importance of Missionary enterprises in that region. Mr Huntington has gathered societies, and organized Churches that we are confident with persevering aid will soon be able to take a permanent stand, and must exert an important influence. Their truly pressing want now, is funds to provide neat chapels in which they may regularly meet to worship God. Comparatively little can be done we believe till this want be supplied. It must be supplied to give true effect to what has already been attempted. They ask their brethren at the East, to aid them in accomplishing this work. It seems of deep consequence that it be rendered—and particularly that it be rendered *now*. It is with them the very spring time, society is just forming, speedily all will become hardened into fixed habits of thought and feeling, upon which an impression cannot easily be made. Now the way is open to plant the principles of true religion in the very heart of these communities, to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. It is the 'accepted time.'

Although Mr Huntington is no longer as at first our missionary, yet having been so entirely gratified with the results of his former services, and cherishing a deep sympathy in his present effort, we were desirous to give him some manifestations of our feeling. And at a meeting held in the Church at Plymouth, directly after the public service, at which he had addressed us on the general subject, the undersigned were named a committee, to give him this expression of our confidence, in himself and the cause he is advocating, and to commend him to the sympathy and aid of our Brethren.

JAMES KENDALL,
GEORGE W. BRIGGS,
JACOB N. LOUD,
JOHN WASHBURN,
N. RUSSELL JR.

This may certify that I have read the above statement in respect to the labors and wishes of the Rev. Mr Huntington, and as a member of the original Association, and in behalf of my parish, say that we have been even more than satisfied with his exertions and success as a missionary, and heartily commend him as a Christian minister and philanthropist to all disposed to aid him in the object which he has in view.

JOSIAH MOORE,
Minister of First Parish, Duxbury.

Letter from Dr H. Ware, Jr. to a clergyman in the vicinity of Boston.

Cambridge, Dec. 9, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I am anxious to interest you, if I may, in the subject on account of which Mr Huntington calls upon you, and I hope you will be able to give it such attention as will effect something for it among your friends. He has been for sometime, as you know, preaching in the West, and has collected two societies, in Quincy and in Hillsboro,' Illinois, which seem to be in a state of great promise, and only need a little aid from us to become permanent and important stations. I cannot bear to think that their prospects should be blighted for want of it. If we are bound to encourage any thing, it would seem to be just such enterprises as these;—where young men and families, just gone out from New England, desire to establish public worship for themselves, and to plant, in the infancy of the settlement, the seed of a church which shall grow and enlarge as the place grows. A small encouragement from this land of old friends and old churches may save them from failing, and ensure a flourishing congregation.

I am aware that the times are hard, and that charitable calls are frequent,—but we owe so great a debt to our Faith, and to our brothers and sons at a distance who long to enjoy the religious blessings they have left in the East—that I think we may well afford to press a point in so good a cause. It will not take much more to build a church at Hillsboro' than is spent by some of our wealthy friends in an evening's entertainment. We need not urge this matter offensively; but I think that those among us who value and love their Religion, will be pleased to aid in making up the small sum proposed.

Yours very truly,
H. Ware, Jr.

☞ Donations to the above-mentioned objects may be forwarded to Rev. Charles Briggs, (of this city,) Gen. Sec. A. U. A.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SPINOZA'S ATHEISM.

The author of 'A Letter to Mr Andrews Norton,' in reply to his 'Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity,' undertakes to correct several errors into which he says Mr Norton has fallen. One of these alleged errors is thus stated.

'In accordance with a traditional prejudice you speak of Spinoza as 'a celebrated atheist.' This prejudice was early circulatgd against Spinoza, as well as against his master, Deseartes, on account of the freedom with which they examined received opinions; it was cherished by bigoted and ignorant theologians; the skeptic Bayle, in one of his fits of caprice, zealously upheld it; mainly, I think, through his influence, has it come down to modern times; but there are few scholars, conversant, even in a slight degree, with philosophical studies, that would now give it their sanction.' (p. 120.)

'According to the established use of language in ordinary discourse, particularly in this country, Spinoza was neither an atheist nor a pantheist.' (p. 121.)

'You will now perceive that Spinoza was not an atheist, in any sense; nor a pantheist, in the sense in which that word is commonly used.' (p. 123.)

These appear to us very extraordinary assertions. We had supposed that the atheism of Spinoza was a fact admitted by all scholars and theologians who had examined the subject, except perhaps a few who secretly favored or embraced his opinions. In confirmation of this view we desire to call the attention of our readers to the judgment which has been passed upon him by several distinguished writers who have flourished at different periods since the publication of his works.

1. HENRY MORE, the Platonist. No one will presume to class Henry More with 'bigoted and ignorant theologians.' He was one of the most learned divines that the Church of England has produced, and so liberal in his speculations that he was ranked with the latitudinarians of his time. His view of Spinoza's doctrine could not have been 'a traditional prejudice,' for he was a contemporary, and died only ten years after him. It could hardly have been a prejudice at all, for he was one of the most searching and fair-minded of philosophers.

Now Henry More wrote a treatise, the professed object of which was to expose and overthrow Spinoza's system. His view of its character may be learned from the title alone, which is as follows: 'A Brief and Solid Confutation of the two propositions which are the main pillars of Spinoza's ATHEISM.' (Opera, Vol. II. p. 615. London, 1679.)

This is enough. But we will quote one or two passages corroborative of the title.

'To remove all shadow of doubt on this point, I will add, in the last place, a few propositions and statements, which occur in Spinoza's Ethics, particularly where he uses the word God or Divine Nature. In these passages if you substitute the word Matter, or understand the remark as referring to Matter, the whole will run on smoothly.' (p. 622.)

'From these passages taken separately, or at least from all of them compared together, I think it very clear that Spinoza means by God nothing more than a certain infinite Matter necessarily acting on itself.' (p. 622.)

'In the mean time *this Atheist* justly reproaches the Christian world for their want of charity and justice. (p. 631.)

2. Dr SAMUEL CLARKE. Was he a creature of 'prejudice,' or a 'bigoted and ignorant theologian?' Far from it. He was an acute and candid philosopher, and, as the author of this Letter says (p. 37,) 'one of the ablest defenders of Christianity that the English Church can boast of.' Yet Dr Clarke, in his Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God, (p. 27,) calls Spinoza 'the most celebrated patron of *atheism* in our time.'

3. JAMES BRUCKER, the author of The Critical History of Philosophy. Was he a victim of prejudice, a bigot, or an ignoramus? By no means. Yet in his great work he speaks of Spinoza as 'the chief of *atheists*;' (vol. vi. p. 683.) as 'a man notorious for his avowal of philosophical *atheism*.' (p. 689.) 'Most of his works he left in manuscript, to be published after his death, which have loaded his memory with the infamy of *atheism*.' (p. 690.) 'In his Ethics he endeavored to demonstrate in a mathematical way the whole *atheistical* system which he had devised.' (p. 692.)

4. Dr JOHN LELAND, author of 'A View of the principal Deistical Writers.' He has not usually been regarded as 'a bigoted and ignorant theologian.' Yet he speaks of Spinoza as 'the most applauded doctor of modern *atheism*, and who hath taken the most pains to form it into a system.' (Vol. I. p. 85.)

5. DUGALD STEWART. He certainly will not be ranked among 'bigoted and ignorant theologians,' nor will he be charged with taking up opinions from 'traditional prejudice.' In his View of the Progress of Metaphysical Philosophy, he says,

'The reputation of his [Spinoza's] writings has fallen entirely (excepting perhaps in Germany and Holland) with the philosophy on which they were grafted; although some of the most obnoxious opinions contained in them are still, from time to time, obtruded on the world, under the disguise of a new form, and of a phraseology less revolting to modern taste.

'In no part of Spinoza's works has he avowed himself an atheist; but it will not be disputed by those who comprehend the drift of his reasonings, that, in point of practical tendency, Atheism and Spinozism are one and the same. In this respect we may apply to Spinoza (and I may add to Vanini also) what Cicero has said of Epicurus; *Verbis reliquit Deos, re sustulit*; a remark which coincides exactly with an expression of Newton's in the Scholium at the end of the Principia:. 'DEUS sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam FATUM et NATURA.'

'One of the most elaborate and acute refutation of Spinozism which has yet appeared is to be found in Bayle's Dictionary.' (Works, vol. vi. p. 275, Cambridge ed.)

6. The author of the article Spinoza, in the BIOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE, calls him 'the head of the modern *pantheists*.' He also says,

'Thus the God of Spinoza is nothing but the productive force of nature, which, without will, freedom, order or design, prepares, by the destruction of living beings, for the birth of those who are to succeed them. He has then been justly charged with having disowned [meconnu] Providence, and taken God from the world by making the world itself a God.'

'The age was not at all inclined to *atheism*, and a much greater philosopher than Spinoza would probably have succeded no better in such a foolish enterprise.'

7. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Was he apt to adopt traditional prejudices? Was he a bigoted and ignorant theologian? Was he not 'acquainted, in a slight degree, with philosophical studies?' Yet Coleridge gives his 'sanction' to the prevalent belief that Spinoza was an atheist or pantheist. His words are as follows.

'Were I not a Christian, and that only in the sense in which I am a Christian, I should be an *atheist* with Spinoza.' Letters, &c. vol. I. p. 89.

'From Zeno the Eleatic to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to Schelling, Oken, and the German 'Natur-Philosophen' of the present day, the result has been, and ever must be, *pantheism*, under some one or other of its modes or disguises; and it is of awful importance to the speculative inquirer to be aware that the seemliest of these modes differs from the most repulsive, not in its consequences, which in all alike are *atheistic*, but only as far as it evinces the efforts of the individual to hide these consequences from his own consciousness.' p. 30.

8. HENRY HALLAM, the historian, is no bigot nor ignoramus, and is 'conversant, in a slight degree, with philosophical studies.' He has not adopted his view of Spinoza's system from hearsay or 'traditional prejudice.' From the abstract he has given, it is evident that he has carefully studied the subject, and has read Spinoza's writings. What is his testimony in the case? In his Introduction to the Literature of Europe, recently published, we find the following statements.

'The *atheism* of Spinoza is manifest from this single proposition.' (Vol. iv. p. 144, Paris ed.)

'Spinoza, in the midst of his *atheism*,' &c. (p. 176.)

'Spinoza does not essentially differ from the *pantheists* of old.' (p. 151.)

'It has been sometimes doubted whether the Spinositic philosophy excludes altogether an infinite intelligence. That it rejected a moral providence or creative mind is manifest in every proposition. His deity could at most be but a cold passive intelligence, lost to our understandings and feelings in its metaphysical infinity. It was not however in fact so much as this. It is true that in a few passages we find what seems at first a dim recognition of the fundamental principle of theism. In one of his letters to Oldenburg he asserts an infinite power of thinking, which, considered, in its infinity, embraces all nature as its object, and of which the thoughts proceed according to the order of nature, being its correlative ideas. But afterwards he rejected the term, power of thinking, altogether. The first proposition of the second part of the Ethics, or that entitled On the Mind, runs thus: Thought is an attribute of God, or God is a thinking being. Yet this, when we look at the demonstration, vanishes into an abstraction, destructive of personality. And in fact we cannot reflect at all on the propositions already laid down by Spinoza without perceiving that *they annihilate every possible hypothesis in which the being of a God can be intelligibly stated*.' (p. 145.)

The subject is far from being exhausted, although the patience of our readers may be. Were it necessary, we could add largely to these testimonies. But those adduced are probably enough.

We trust that the object we have in view in this article will be distinctly understood. It is not to *prove* Spinoza to have been an atheist; for that we conceive should be done from his own writings, and, as we think, has been done by Mr Norton in his 'Remarks on a late Pamphlet.' Our object has simply been to show that the statement is not correct or well founded that the impression which has generally prevailed from Spinoza's time to the present day, that he was an atheist, is merely 'a traditional prejudice,' 'cherished by bigoted and ignorant theologians,' but that it has been the settled and sincere conviction of acute, learned and candid men, laymen as well as divines, 'conversant, in a slight degree, with philosophical studies.' CUDWORTH.

Boston, Dec. 19*th.*

Rev. William H. Kinsley, of Hubbardston has received and accepted an invitation to take charge of the Congregational Church in Stow, Mass., and Wednesday the 25th inst. (Christmas day,) has been appointed for his Installation. Sermon on the occasion by Dr Brazer of Salem.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INSTALLATION AND DEDICATION AT WALPOLE.

The first Congregational Society have lately erected a new and beautiful Church, containing eighty Pews,—the whole work being done in the most thorough and substantial manner. Through the liberality of individuals in the Parish, two thousand dollars were voluntarily given towards defraying the expense, that the Pews might be sold at a lower rate, and every family be accommodated. Such an instance of generosity deserves especial mention, indicating, as it does, respect for the Institutions of the gospel, and a desire that the advantages of them may be enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the Parish. Several corresponding instances of regard for the means of religious instruction have lately been exhibited in this neighborhood. New churches have been built, and ministers settled, and the societies revived, and apparently inspired with an intenser zeal to maintain the worship of God and to perpetuate the means of Christian improvement. Walpole is behind none of the neighboring Parishes in these respects, and the efforts and sacrifices which the First Parish has just made, testify to their liberality and devotion. The entire unanimity and the good feeling with which the church has been built and the minister settled, give the fairest promise of future happiness.

The handsome clock, which adorns the Church, was a present from William Richardson Esq. of Boston.

The services of the Installation of the Rev. John M. Merrick and the Dedication of the Church were held on the 11th instant. The House was filled to overflowing, and a large number of people was unable to gain admittance.

Introductory and Dedicatory Prayer by Mr White of West Dedham; Scriptures by Mr Sanger of Dover; Sermon by Mr Ripley of Boston. Prayer of Installation by Mr Clarke of Sherburne; Charge by Rev. Dr. Lamson of Dedham; Right Hand of Fellowship by Mr Robinson of Medfield; Address to the Society by Mr Sewall of Danvers; Concluding Prayer by Mr Ritchie of Needham.

The Sermon was from 2 Cor. x. 4, 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds. After an introduction, in which the preacher defined the present relation of the pulpit to society, and the kind and amount of influence, which it exerts upon society, he explained and illustrated that spiritual warfare, which Christians and Christian ministers are called to wage against the powers of evil. It is by great conflict between the flesh and the spirit, between the soul's purity and the evil influences, that endanger it, between man and whatever would peril his happiness and salvation.

From these general considerations and from the peculiar position of the ministry in the present state of society, it was inferred what was the spirit and character and efforts required in a Christian preacher. A man, who doubts, or hesitates to call things by the r right names, or fears to look a sinner in the face, and in love to denounce his sin, or seeks popularity at the expense of truth, or accommodates his preaching to a lax, worldly, temporary system of morality, and is terrified at the appearance of unwelcome duty, has no inward vocation to the office, no fitness for its warfare, or its trials. The pulpit needs not him, he has no business in it. The preacher then unfolded the true character which the ministry should sustain in the warfare with sin: and after all the foregoing topics had been fully and eloquently discussed, he concluded by briefly noticing the spiritual weapons of Truth and Love, which ought only to be used in this conflict.

We do Mr Ripley great injustice by this meagre sketch of a discourse, admirably adapted to the occasion, and with which the whole audience must have been gratified and instructed. It came home to the hearts and consciences of the hearers, revealing spiritual wants, and showing the necessity of continued watchfulness and effort.

Of the other services, it is only necessary to say, that they were such as the charactors of the Authors justified us in expecting; and if we may be allowed to discriminate, the Address of Mr Sewall was eloquent with truth, affectionate and impressive.

The singing was far superior to that, which is usually heard on such occasions. The performers were exact both in Tune and Time, and exhibited a familiar acquaintance with the principles and practice of singing and chanting.

All the performances were what they should be,—serious, practical, adapted to the circumstances and the time. The numerous audience experienced the highest satisfaction, and our hope and prayer are, that the exercises of the occasion may be followed with a permanent blessing to the people of Walpole, and that the unanimity and good feeling, which now exist among the members of the First Parish may long continue. May the Institutions of Christianity be productive of the fruits of righteousness,—and the end of Christian faith be the salvation of human souls. We rejoice to see our old societies in this neighborhood waking up to a just sense of their religious duties—and trust that the example will not be unheeded by others.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Storm.—We know not when our city and its suburbs have been visited by so severe a storm, as that, which commenced on Sunday morning, and has continued to the time we are writing, Monday, four o'clock, P. M. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, snow began to fall, plentifully, but with little wind, and so continued till afternoon. The wind then became strong from the eastward, and the snow gave way for rain. For an hour or more, the wind was tremendous, and its effects upon trees and fences was destructive to a considerable extent.

In the course of the evening, the winds abated somewhat, but again rose, and raged before 12 o'clock, with more fury than ever. The noise of this invisible agent of destruction was frightful, and its ravages were no doubt, much more extensive and dreadful, than information yet enables us to record.

In this vicinity, we have heard of several buildings that were unroofed and blown over. Many trees were uprooted, and much damage done to fences. Several chimneys were blown down, in the city, as well as in the neighboring villages. But it is among the shipping in the harbor, and along the extensive coast, from Maine to New-York, that the most melancholy effects of the storm are realized.

A gentleman who left Barnstable in the stage, early yesterday morning, informs us that the storm at that place was neither severe nor disastrous. At seven o'clock on Sunday morning, the wind was at northeast, with some snow, which soon changed to rain. It blew freshly during the forenoon, but not sufficiently strong to occasion any damage, and in the afternoon the wind came round to east and southeast, and was south at sunset, rather mild, and stars were visible in the evening.

The New-Bedford paper of Monday, reports the snow-storm of the day before, but makes no mention of any severe gale, or any loss or damage therefrom.

We have accounts from the eastward as far as Portsmouth, where the gale was experienced, without doing any damage. In Newburyport, a large elm tree, in High street, was torn up by the roots. In Hamilton, the vane of a new meetinghouse was blown off.—*Courier.*

At Sandy Bay, a schooner, name unknown, loaded with flour, struck on a reef, while entering the harbor, and went instantly to pieces. It is thought that all on board were drowned.

The Newburyport Herald states that 15 or 20 fishing schooners, laying at the wharves at that place, were more or less damaged, and considerable damage was done by the overflowing of the wharves, and floating away of wood and lumber. At Plum Island the height of the tide and violence of the sea had caused great depredations on the eastern side of the Island, in washing away the bank and sand hills, and covering many acres of meadow with sand.

At Portsmouth the gale was violent, but no great damage was done there.

The Gloucester Telegraph, under date of Monday noon says,—

The storm which set in yesterday morning has been disastrous indeed, both to life and property. It is impossible at present to furnish any particulars, and we have only time to state that about twentyfive vessels have gone ashore, most of them having become entire wrecks—as many more are riding at anchor, with every spar cut away—and as near as can be estimated, fifty persons have perished! Our shores present a spectacle melancholy enough to make the heart bleed, strewed as they are with dead bodies, and fragments of the wrecks. Most of the vessels ashore belong to the Eastward.

The gale was very severe at Provincetown and along the Cape; much damage was done to shipping, and many lives were lost.

The Storm in the Interior.—The quantity of snow at the West has been so great, and it is so much drifted, that the passage of the Boston and Worcester rail road was entirely obstructed, on Monday and yesterday. There were two engines at Worcester to leave that place at 7 o'clock on Monday morning, and two left here with a snow plough at the same time. The former have not arrived, nor have the latter returned. Other engines went out on Monday and found the snow much drifted, and the track filled, nearly as fast as it could be cleared. They returned without being able to force a way through. Yesterday two engines left town, with a snow plough and a strong force, but they had not succeeded last evening, in opening the passage; and no train had arrived. From the fact that with six engines on the road, the track has not been cleared, and also from information that in some places the snow is five feet deep, it may be inferred that what fell here in the form of rain, fell in the interior in the form of snow; and that the quantity is probably greater than has fallen at one time for some years.—*Advertiser of Wednesday.*

Congress.—The House of Representatives have decided that the five members from New Jersey, whose seats are contested, shall not vote in the organization of the House.

On Saturday, six unsuccessful ballotings took place for Speaker. The votes were very scattering. At the last balloting, Dixon H. Lewis and R. M. T. Hunter were the two highest—the former had 79, the latter 63 votes.

A letter in the Journal of Commerce says—

It is supposed that either Mr Lewis or Mr Hunter will be elected. A portion of the State Rights men will not vote for Mr Jones, and, without their votes, an Administration candidate cannot be elected. They will will not go for Whig. But may vote for Hunter, if they cannot get Lewis. The Opposition, will, no doubt, concentrate on Hunter, who is a 'sub-treasury Whig, from Virginia.

The Coal Trade.—The shipments of coal from the three principal Anthracite regions for the years 1837, 1838 and 1839, are as follows. For the present season we estimate in round numbers, as official returns have not been received; they will not however, vary much.

	1837.	1838.	1839.
Schuylkill,	523,152	433,070	438,000
Lehigh,	226,212	213,887	220,000
Lackawana,	115,387	78,207	118,000
	864,751	725,164	776,000

By which it will be seen that this year's shipments will exceed last year's about 50,000 tons, and fall short 88,000 tons of business of 1837. From our own region, a small increase over last year, 5000 tons at the extent, has been sent to market, but the season throughout has been ruinous to the colliers; and we hope never to see the recurrence of another such year's business.—*Miner's Journal.*

Texas.—Galveston papers to the 2d instant have been received at New Orleans, containing the message of President Lamar, on the opening of the Texan Congress. He felicitates Congress on the state of the foreign relations of the republic, particularly with the United States and France, and expresses a desire of avoiding hostilities with Mexico. He says that obstacles in the organization of the army have been removed, and expresses a belief that the government will soon be in possession of a naval force fully adequate to the exigencies of maritime defence. He proposes various improvements in the organization of the government, and particularly the establishment of a Home Department, to be composed of three bureaus, to have charge of matters relating to internal improvement—public education—and other objects not specified. He recommends the establishment of an intimate correspondence and intercourse with Santa Fe.

Earthquake.—A letter from San Savador, of the 5th of October last, says—

On the 1st inst. at 2, A. M., we experienced a strong shock of an earthquake, and at 3, A. M., another concussion which has nearly destroyed the town. The shocks continue, and yesterday we had fifteen tolerably smart shocks. Many people have left the place, and I fancy the Goverment will remove to Cojutepeque, as this town is not safe. The evil is under our feet; for at places five or six miles off, nothing has occurred. The houses are nearly unroofed, and the walls are so tottering that we all sleep in the Court yard or great square, under hide coverings, which is pleasant enough in the rainy season, and sit in the day time in the Corridors ready for a start into the yard, as it will not do to wait a moment when the shock comes. I may mention, to give you an idea of the force of these concussions, that two porter bottles full, placed upright on the stone floor, were upset. As we have no mansons here, of course what is left of furniture, &c. unbroken, is subject to the rains which filter through the roof, so that the rooms are no protection to paper or books.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 12, at Trinity Church, by Rt. Rev Bishop Griswold, Rev. Edward Livermore, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Drewsville, N. H. to Miss Elizabeth Greene, daughter of Henry Hubbard, Esq. of this city.

Dec. 15, Mr Luther W. Nichols, Jr. to Miss Sarah Jane Darrell, Mr John Richards, of the firm of Bell & Richards, to Miss Grace Oakes—all of this city.

In Salem, Dec. 12, by Rev. Dr Flint, Mr George Savory to Miss Mary Ann Wellman.

In North Bridgewater, 12th inst. Mr George S. Willis, of Boston, to Miss Louise A. Packard, of N. B.

In Wolfeborough, N. H. Rev. Leander Thompson, of Woburn, destined to the Syrian mission, to Miss Anne Eliza, daughter of S. Avery, Esq. of Wolfeborough.

In Marlboro' N. H. Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr Leonard, Mr Samuel Burton of Wilton, N. H. to Miss Elvira Maria Jones, of M.

In New York, Dec. 11, Mr James Bayard Whittemore to Miss Jane Eliza, only daughter of Capt. J. D. Sloat, U. S. N.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 12. Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Augustus C. Boden, formerly of Salem, 30.

In Roxbury, Dec. 15, Mrs. Caroline A., wife of Joseph H. Clapp, and daughter of Jacob Allen 27.

In Waltham, Dec 4, Mrs. Sally, wife of the late Mr. Converse Bemis, 57.

In West Bridgewater, Dr. Samuel Perkins, 78.

In New Salem, widow Joanna Eddy, 100 years and one month.

At Waterford, Me. Mrs Phebe B. Ripley, consort of the Rev. Lincoln Ripley, and daughter of the late Rev. William Emerson, of Concord Mass.

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Poems of Eliza Cook.
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&c &c &c &c &c &c d21

TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—The subscriber would remind those who are in search of good Books for children, as presents on the approaching Holidays, that he has on hand a very extensive variety. But as difficult to make a general list, he has selected a few, which may be relied upon for their real worth, and as very appropriate presents for Christmas and New Year.

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Robert Merry's Annual, 1840;
Jack Sheppard, a Romance, by the author of Crichton;
Count Dumas' Memoirs of the French Revolution;
The Vocal School, by H. W. Day.
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POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

GOD REVEALED IN THE SOUL.

Oft will the mind go out in search of Thee
The Infinite, yet Thou art ever near.
Thou dwellest in the Spirit's inner shrine,
Thy chosen temple is the Soul of man.
As in this midnight hour the spirit's eye
Turns inward, it beholds thine image, Lord,
Reflected in its depths, as yon bright star
In the clear bosom of this river glows.

The outward world indeed confesses Thee;
The winds are but the rustlings of thy wings;
The ocean in the hollow of thy hand
Heaveth itself; the stars in beauty sit
Upon their burnished thrones and sing of Thee.
E'en in the dew-drop in the daisy's cup
Is glassed thy form; nature hath not a voice
But doth proclaim thee, and there is not one
Of all the ever-varied forms of life,
Nor yet an atom in the infinite
Expanse of worlds, but is instinct with Thee.

But in the soul thou hast revealed thyself
More visibly; the child of thee it wears
Its father's lineaments. Nature indeed
Gives us the shadow of thy form divine,
But in the spirit, Lord, we seem to see
Thee face to face.

B. F. Y.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TRACTS AND BIBLES.

The messengers bright of Joy and Love!
Deride not their useful power;
They tidings bear from the world above,
To cheer each saddened hour.

They spread o'er the wakening Earth;
Like the wind of the summer hours,
They scatter the clouds that o'er it hang,
And revive its drooping flowers.

For when, sadly in her lowly cot,
The widowed mourner wails,
They teach of a land where woe is not,
Of a mercy that never fails.

And when the scorching breath of sin,
Has blighted the heart of youth,
They win him back from its dark abyss
And show him the paths of Truth.

And when the sailor at midnight 's tost,
In the wild sea's foaming wave,
They tell of a Haven that 's never lost,
Of a Home beyond the grave.

La Callada.

THE POOR MAN'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS SOUTHEY.

Tread softly!—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! how great soe'er,
With lowly reverence bow!
There 's one in that poor shed,
One by that wretched bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that pauper's roof,
Lo! Death doth truss his state;
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No whispering courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Clasping with pale thin hands,
A dying head.

No busy murmurs sound;
An infant wail alone--
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp—and then
The parting groan.

O change! oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there so low
In mortal pangs—and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the senseless clod;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

[From the Persian.]

THE FAIREST LAND.

'Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide—
Say, of all thine eye hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been.'

'Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'T is where those we love abide—
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed,
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though it were but barren mound,
'T would become enchanted ground.
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cowthar's stream;
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom,
A bower where new born roses bloom.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me on what holy ground,
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mein,
Love, the fire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow, smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Coleridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Token, for 1830.)

THE SEA—BY F. P. W. GREENWOOD.

——— And thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice,
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.—*Thomson.*

'The sea is his, he made it,' cries the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of enthusiasm and devotion, in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else, indeed, could it be, and by whom else could it have been made?—Who else can heave its tides, and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and the wings of the tempest; and then speak to it again in a master's accents, and bid it be still? Who else could have poured out its magnificent fulness round the solid land, and

'Land as in a storehouse safe its watery treasures by!'

Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores, filled to the brim with beauty and mystery, and power? Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee, or made thee. Thou hearest but one voice, and that is the Lord's, thou obeyest but one arm, and that is the Almighty's. The ownership and the workmanship are God's; and thou art his, and he made thee.

'The sea is his, and he made it.' It bears the strong impression of his greatness, his wisdom, and his love. It speaks to us of God with the voice of all its waters; it may lead us to God by all the influences of his nature. How, then, can we be otherwise than profitably employed while we are looking on this bright and broad mirror of the Deity? The sacred scriptures are full of references to it, and itself is full of religion and God.

'The sea is his, and he made it.' Its majesty is God. What is there more sublime than the trackless, desert, all-surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm gentle-heaving silent sea?—What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power, resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. It is awful when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds, and the thunder, and the thunderbolts, and they sweep on in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fulness, never diminishing and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity, for its whole vast substance is uniform; in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime; who can sound it? Its strength is sublime; what fabric of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song of its ripple or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves; or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against some toiling vessel's sides lulling the voyager to rest with the strains of its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore. What sight is more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however artful, which can vie with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea?

'The sea is his, and he made it.' Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness, of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars: for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire, the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light rivalling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are as enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here, next to the scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and while the brisk breezes flow over them, clapping their hands for very gladness: for they do clap their hands and justify, by the life and almost individual animation which they exhibit, that remarkable figure of the Psalmist. Here again, on this self-same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither the tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests, motionless. Here we should see the cluster of green islands, set like jewels, in the midst of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows and threatening the mariner. There go the ships, the white robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one—some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swimming lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed by storm; some for traffic, and some for state, and some in peace, and others, alas! in war. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady winds of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with winter in his own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread. Nor are the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea birds are passing and re-passing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wing and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers, and their clanging cries.

How various, how animated, how full of interest is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken of but a few particulars, and of those but slightly. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, and of the sands and the cliffs, the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

'The sea is his, and he made it.' And when he made it, he ordained that it should be the element and dwelling place of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man. The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to his own purposes. The line, and the hook, and the net are dropped and spread to delude them and bring them up from the watery chambers where they are roaming in conscious security. How strange it is that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and the substance which furnishes our streets and our dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

We shall behold new wonders and riches when we investigate the sea-shore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell-fish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark borough in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests whose branches never wave and whose leaves never fall. In other parts we shall see those 'pale glistening pearls' which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers and thickets of plants which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoils of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a moral poison, the plants of the earth,

'There with its waving blade of green,
The sea flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the pulse is seen
To burst like a banner bathed in slaughter.

'There with a light and easy motion
The fair coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.'

I have not told half of the riches of the sea. How can I count the countless, or describe as they ought to be described, those companies of living and lifeless things which fill the waters and which it would take a volume barely to enumerate and name? But how can we give our minds in any degree to this subject; how can we reflect on a part only of the treasures of the sea; how can we lend but a few moments to the consideration of the majesty and beauty, the variety and fulness of the ocean, without raising our regard in adoration to the Almighty Creator, and exclaiming with one of the sublimest of poets, who felt nature like a poet, and whose divine strains ought to be familiar to us all—'O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom thou hast made them all; the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein: These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.'

We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools the air for us in summer and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on earth. Then again it affords an easier, on the whole perhaps a safer, communication and conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion and the virtuous from contamination. In many other respects it is no doubt useful to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony of the wisdom and goodness of him who in the beginning 'gathered the waters together unto one place.'

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell, what wells, what fountains are there to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops. Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt which so impregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands have been ingulphed by the insatiable waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth. Who bears the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiems? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that sacred tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the fearful, the good and the bad; the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea. The journeying winds may sigh as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary clouds may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewed in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout the solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all!—When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be 'no more sea!'

AIDS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

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